



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

*Alice Corbin*

Bare in the moonlight;  
Your body on one  
Nailed feet and hands,  
O my dear little son!"

"Be it so, be it so,  
O mi Madre María!"

*Who says this prayer  
Three times a day  
Will find Heaven's doors  
Opened alway,  
And Hell's doors shut  
Forever and aye. . . .  
Amen, Jesús!*

MANZANITA

Little red apple upon the tree,  
If you are not in love, fall in love with me.  
  
From me this night you shall not go,  
Not till the dawn, when the first cocks crow.

CHULA LA MAÑANA

Pretty is the morning,  
Pretty is the day.  
When the moon comes up  
It is light as day.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

*Fortune's wheel keeps turning!*

Yes, Fortune has its ups and downs,  
Fortune is a bubble.  
It was all for a married woman  
I had my trouble.

*Fortune's wheel keeps turning!*

It was eight o'clock at the bridge,  
And nine at Jesús María,  
But before I could reach her door,  
I was caught by her fat old *tía*!

*Fortune's wheel keeps turning!*

EL COYOTITO

When I left Hermosillo  
My tears fell like rain,  
But the little red flower  
Consoled my pain.

I am like the coyote  
That rolls them, and goes  
Trotting off side-ways,  
And nobody knows.

The green pine has fallen,  
Where the doves used to pair;